

SENATOR

J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT

Says . . .

The objective eyes of many foreign visitors often are able to look at things in the United States that we ourselves often miss. Even today, more than 100 years after his visit, the illuminating comments of a young foreign visitor, Alexis de Tocqueville, are required reading for those who seek to understand the United States. He spent only nine months in this country.

While such profound insight is rare, it is not uncommon for a visitor to capture some important aspect of our country which has been too close to our own noses for us to see.

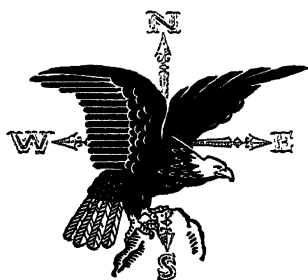
In recent years increasing numbers of students from other countries have arrived in America. The thirty-two authors of this volume have observed American life firsthand, in towns and cities throughout the United States. I have found their keen observations of particular significance because from such groups will come leaders whose attitudes may well influence future relations between our country and theirs.

J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT



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Foreign Students look at the U.S.



Collected and Edited by

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To the Reader

Seen through the searching eyes of students from foreign lands, how does the United States appear? A Vietnamese student writes that the United States is "a colossus with a childlike, rosy face—yet it carries the war and peace of the world in its jeans' pockets."

These pages open to us the fascinating opportunity to see ourselves as others see us. A glance at the table of contents reveals that every aspect of our American culture is of interest to student visitors from abroad: our national characteristics; our social mores; our democratic education; the relationships of men and women, parents and children, teachers and students; our language; our religions; even our table manners and ways of entertaining.

The thirty-two student authors of this book reflect the kaleidoscopic opinions of more than forty-seven thousand of their compatriots who have come from every country in the world to study in our colleges and universities. As the reader is caught up in the emotions of these students, he laughs with them, cries with them, turns critical, becomes sympathetic, accepts and rejects, questions and ponders.

Some of these foreign visitors have now returned to their homelands to continue their academic studies or to start the careers for which they trained. Others remain in the United States to pursue higher degrees or to take professional jobs to gain experience before going home. As these students have come to know us in close association, so they will remember us in the years ahead. These are not idle or inconsequential thoughts in this little volume; they represent the feelings and attitudes which may shape future-world relationships.

These impressions of the United States were not originally intended for the reading public; therefore, they are fresh and spontaneous. I am indebted to Foreign Student Advisers and Teachers of English in our colleges and universities for selecting from their files material which might be suitable for this book. Final judging of the two hundred and thirty essays was done by Dr. Frank C. Baxter and Mr. Harlan Ware. Dr. Baxter is Professor of English Literature at the University of Southern California, nationally known for his literary television programs. Mr. Ware is a radio and television script writer, author of a best-seller, and contributor to our national magazines. These judges gave generously of their time and interest.

Grateful acknowledgment is due Dr. J. Benjamin Schmoker, General Secretary, Committee on Friendly Relations Among Foreign Students, and Dr. Clifford H. Prator, Professor of English for Foreign Students at the University of California, Los Angeles, who gave helpful counsel and encouragement in matters of assembling the material.

This project was undertaken with the cooperation of the National Association of Foreign Student Advisers.

Its purpose was to enlarge the scope of public interest in our students from abroad. All who have shared in this endeavor have done so without thought of recompense. Proceeds from the sale of the volume will be used to establish a Special Projects Fund to be administered by the Association.

Martena Sasnett

Pasadena, California
April, 1960

*We will have peace in the world
when it's written on the tablets of men's hearts.*

K. MORGAN EDWARDS

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The Essays

I Like America

by ROBERT CHANG

From Hong Kong; journalism major, University of Washington. Mr. Chang escaped from Shanghai to Hong Kong a few days before the Red Chinese gained control of his homeland, finally managed to get to the U.S. This sharply etched vignette will hearten and humble the American reader.

I like America and I admire the American people.

I like America for she is a symbol of the strong hope of youth untired, a beacon of light in a world confused. I admire the Americans because they are a people self-made, self-declared and self-constituted, a people who believe in the ideal that "any man willing to stay on his toes can reach for the stars."

I like America for she stands for freedom, peace and justice; I admire the Americans because they are the toughest, luckiest and most efficient men on God's green earth.

When the forefathers of the American people came to this continent, they started from nothing. They had the most difficult task that men ever undertook, the task of creating on an undiscovered and undeveloped continent a country where a hundred and seventy million people can live in peace and freedom today.

Little by little, they cut a way through the great loneliness of forests and prairie and pushed back the uncharted wildness. Mile by mile, life came to the greatest unexplored land of this temperate world.

It is no accident that America is the richest and most prosperous nation. Work built America and made it strong. Freedom inspired the American pioneers and

made them free. Today in their prosperity they are enjoying the highest wages, the shortest working hours and the greatest living comforts that human beings have ever known.

The greatest strength of the American people is that they are still building their country. All the problems confronting them are problems of abundance, not poverty. Their difficulties are also their opportunities.

In America no man is superior or inferior to another. They are all equal, whether they live in tall apartments, adobe houses, prairie farms or log-cabins. A student is not inferior to the man whose lawn he is mowing, whose dishes he is washing. An official is not superior to the public he is serving. A mechanic is not poorer than the clients whose cars he is fixing. A business man is not necessarily richer than the worker he is hiring. A President can still become an ordinary Mr. Citizen and an ordinary citizen a Mr. President.

In America a man does not have to be rich to be happy. He is rich in possessions which make happiness possible: freedom and self-reliance. Here the value of freedom has a practical demonstration. Freedom means for people not only a theoretical ideal but definite practical rights. Freedom means, for example, that if you own a newspaper, you do not limit your editorial opinions to what an official censor approves. If you are a professor, you do not have to delete history or alter science as a bureaucrat prescribes. If you are a worker, you can take and leave jobs as you please. And there is no limitation upon your inherent American right to criticize anybody, anywhere, at any time. These are practical applications of this thing called freedom.

An American is a man who knows which way to go to reach tomorrow. An American is a man who

builds his future with his own hands. An American is a man who seldom questions anyone about who he is, where he comes from or what he does, because it is answer enough — in America — to be a man.

That was the way it used to be in this country. That is the way it is now. And that will be the way as long as there is America.

I believe in America because in it people are free to elect their own government, free to express their own opinions and free to choose their own religions.

Because they like new ideas and look for new ways.

Because they hate no people and covet no people's land. Because they have great dreams and because they have the opportunities to make those dreams come true.

Lady Liberty

by STUART HODOSH

DP from Poland; premedical student, University of California, Los Angeles.

Lady Liberty fulfills her promise to take "the homeless." The status of "displaced person" entitled this student to a special visa for entry into the United States and qualified him for citizenship.

Then I saw it! Although it was still very far away, I could clearly make out the skyscrapers. That was New York, the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, the place to which I had journeyed five thousand miles. This was my new world. It was just like a dream, but the difference was that I wasn't dreaming.

There were hundreds of homeless displaced persons with me on that immigrant boat. I watched them looking toward the shore. There were some with an indescribable, happy and astonished expression on their faces. There were some who were laughing, but there were also those who were crying. I am sure, though, they weren't crying because of sadness but because they were happy.

I remember seeing a mother holding an infant wrapped warmly in her arms; if I were to write a thousand pages I still wouldn't be able to describe that look on the mother's face. The manner in which she kissed her child, and the way in which she held it close to her breast is something we see but once in a lifetime, if we are lucky enough.

Since that unforgettable day of my arrival in New York three years have passed. Three years have run away while I was busy evaluating all the things I saw.

I think of the friendliness of the people, as they tried to understand what I was saying. I remember the trouble my teachers used to have with me, and still do. I will never forget the way my friends used to explain to me the things I didn't comprehend. I think about the freedom I am enjoying: freedom to say what I want, to write what I want, to read what I want, and to worship as I want. These are things which make life so sweet, and which make you want to live.

I know that Lady Liberty will live forever. She isn't concerned about whether we are white or colored. She doesn't care what our religion is, and she doesn't care who our ancestors were. The only thing she is concerned with is that we be loyal to her. I hope she will show the right path to many more people just as she has shown it to me.

Experiences on the Journey

by AGNES LI

From Brazil, formerly of China; liberal arts student, Rosemont College. Students coming to America react to the strange new conditions with varying degrees of emotional intensity, depending upon their maturity and cultural backgrounds. Whether they admit it or not, they are profoundly moved. Miss Li relives for us her lonely adventuring.

It was a long trip by plane which I had from China to the United States. I always consider that it was the most precious and interesting experience in my life. It was the beginning of deciding and doing everything for myself.

At the airport I kissed my parents goodbye and walked out from the crowd with the other passengers to the plane quickly and bravely. I can never forget how sad my parents were. That was the first time I learned what love really was.

There were many different nationalities in that plane. I understood nothing. I was completely lost. I sat there all by myself in a white blouse and blue skirt. I held a big straw bag all the time, because I had my visa, money and everything in it. My eyes were filled with tears. I was the youngest in the plane and I was too shy to talk. Finally I decided to follow the crowd: where they got off, I would get off; what they would do, I would do; whatever they ate, I would eat.

I was so sleepy, but I tried to keep my eyes open because I was afraid to miss the people. The plane first stopped in the Philippines. I followed the crowd to a nice dining room near the airport. At that time I did

not know how to read an English menu or order a dinner. However, I hurried and picked out a table with a nice fat lady. She tried so hard to make me understand. I told her I wanted exactly what she ordered. I will never forget in my whole life the dinner I had—a big plate of lettuce and tomato salad. I never ate lettuce before in China, and I always hated tomatoes. I felt that I was chewing some grass or straws. I looked at the lady and then at the long feather in her hat. She made me feel happier and I tried so hard with my poor English to talk to her. That was the first time I learned that I had to talk to people and make friends with them.

The plane stopped in Hawaii, Los Angeles, Kansas City and Chicago. I always followed the people in and out, but I never dared to go a little bit further for anything. Everybody could see me—short, small, in a white blouse and a blue skirt, with a big straw handbag, always standing by the gate and staring at the plane. I was even afraid to move my head, because I knew that I could never find that plane again, which was among a lot of others, and they looked exactly the same to me.

I arrived in Philadelphia at three o'clock on a cloudy, foggy morning. When I stepped into the airport, I was confused and completely lost. I was pushed into a little corner behind the big glass doors by the crowd. However, I was interested in looking at the people who were kissed, hugged and welcomed by their families and friends. I hated to miss anything. Suddenly I was the only one there. I couldn't ask for my luggage because I didn't know any English vocabulary. I couldn't go to school because I didn't know how to get there; besides it was just too early to go anywhere. Finally, a nice lady came out from the ticket office and

wanted to help me. I spoke to her with my poor English and wondered how I could ever make her understand me. She checked out all my baggage and put me in a cab, telling the driver to take me to the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. A little while later I was there. The cab driver charged me a dollar and ten for the rate. I gave him a dollar but I simply couldn't figure out what a "ten" was. I had all the coins in my hand. There were quarters, dimes and nickels but no "tens." Finally, I decided that it must be ten dollars, so I gave it to him. Bless him, he was such a nice man. He said I was wrong, gave it back to me, and picked some coins from my hand.

I had a big room that night. I closed the door and threw myself on the bed and started to cry. Finally I fell asleep. I woke up in the middle of the night. I was so cold, so hungry; I wasn't covered! "Oh, why isn't mother here! She always knows if I am cold or not! The way Mom and Dad kiss me good-night! The way they close the door!" Oh, I missed them! I missed everyone in the family!

I closed my eyes and said to God, "Thank you, Lord, for You have been with me all the way. You must have. You must have!"

The American, As I See Him

by LE VAN DIEM

From Viet Nam; bacteriology student, State College of Washington. At the end of five months in the United States, this student set down these cogent impressions.

When San Francisco, as a scrap of starry sky, rose from the dark below the plane, I said to myself, looking through the plane window, "Here is America." Excitedly I went on, "This is the New World, the Super-Europe as a European writer says." I only thought of the America of skyscrapers, of automobiles and screen stars, the America of movement and colors.

An old man from the Institute of International Education met me at the San Francisco airport. He introduced himself to me, and then, extending his hand to a woman beside him, he said, "My wife, Suzy." The way the man introduced his wife by her birthname seemed so friendly to me that I felt at home at once. Since an old Vietnamese man does not call his wife by her first name, that American gentleman's attitude would seem informal in my home-country. I realized then how some people were tied down by customs, and I wondered why they would not do things as they wanted to.

I have had the opportunity of encountering other such informalities in American society. I have seen university professors in Hawaiian shirts on Sunday, or workmen sitting easily with a leg over the chairarm while talking with their supervisors. I still remember my first conference with Dr. T., the conductor of the orientation courses I attended in California; I recall

how I made him uncomfortable, and surprised his staff with a solemn bow to all of them at once. I understand now that a bow is ridiculous in this country, so is hand-kissing or the bidding farewell with a flourish of the hat. What are regarded as standards of civility in the Old World may be incorrect here.

Americans, however, are very well educated in social relations. A distinction can be made in this country between intellectuals and non-intellectuals. But all, even if they are uncultivated, are tactful and agreeable. For the first few days in the United States I felt uneasy to hear "Hi!" and "Fine." I thought these were only spectacular demonstrations, devoid of any meaning. But I have realized since, now that I understand these conventions, that Americans are hearty people, and that it is really pleasant to keep company with them. They talk moderately, and they listen with interest. Even in everyday private conversations they seem to respect honor and truth. "I hope" for an American often means "I am sure" or "I promise." Even in correcting students' themes professors are courteous. Where teachers in my home country note "False" or "Bad grammar" Americans will suggest, "I wonder if this is correct," or "Do you say that? We say this."

From the acknowledgment that Americans are well educated in social relations and respect truth and honor, I have come to the complex question of the American gentleman. Every civilization, I suppose, produces its gentleman, who is its ideal achievement in education as far as the individual is concerned. An Asian gentleman, for example, is one who behaves according to the teachings of Confucianism, and who values ethics higher than wealth, and the moral and intellectual higher than the material. The Soviets have their gen-

tleman whom they call the Marxist-man. The Marxist-man is, in reality, a theoretical standard set up in advance, which the Soviets attempt to impose upon every people through planned economy and propaganda.

The American culture is indeed breeding a new type of gentleman, free from traditions and less complicated than the Asian type. The Asian gentleman is rather a crystallization of the past. His consciousness is at once crowded with experience from the long history of his nation, and with a certain complex of class. He behaves according to the rules of ethics, is stoic, generous and tolerant. Yet he is intellectualistic and rather static. Usually belonging to the higher class, he seems to have lost contact with the living mass of the people. When an Asian has become a gentleman he is finished; he lives on what he has acquired, in his Ivory Tower. The American gentleman is, of course, also a man of good education. He does not necessarily have to be of good breeding. Yet he is dynamic. He lives with the present, but has a vision of the future. He is not deeply conscious of class.

The comparison and contrast between the Asian gentleman and the American brings out the most striking characteristic of the American people, their dynamic force. This force works not only in the builder and entrepreneur but also in the artist and mystic. It is shown in the restlessness of the American people. It makes them sociable. It gives them a vision instead of the finesse of mind in dealing with abstract ideas.

Americans, it seems to me, do not like abstract ideas. They prefer practical implementation over pure speculation. To them "to contemplate" in most instances means "to have as a purpose and to plan for." The word "philosophy" has a loose meaning in this

country. To scholars it still has its old meaning—the study of the truths and principles underlying all knowledge and being. But to the people in their everyday thinking it simply means the way one sees and does things in practical affairs. It seems unlikely that Americans of today will sacrifice pragmatic reality to any abstract ideologic system.

Although they are not especially endowed with finesse of mind in dealing with abstract ideas, Americans have a vision and are audacious. Having successfully struggled against nature, they are now extending their influence overseas. The world is too small, says the Yankee of today. America's affairs have become world affairs. Not only its economic and military powers have grown overseas, but also its cultural and humanitarian activities. Its relief organizations have become more and more widely international, and their number has been increasing. Its novelists are highly valued abroad, and imitated by their young confreres in Europe, from which, not very long ago, they received their stimulus. And if it does not have many great critics and philosophers yet, it is because criticism and philosophy require the ability to handle abstract ideas.

America's dynamic force is also shown in her people's restlessness. Americans seem to suffer from idleness more than from having too much work to do. A foreigner who sees the United States for the first time may be tempted to ask himself, "Why so busy, America?" He does not know that Americans are a work-loving people. A jobless American, even though he is an old man, may still eat his three full meals a day and drive out in his car with a cigar in his mouth, but he feels unhappy. An old Asian, when he has enough

to live, does not have that kind of nervousness. He may still keep himself busy a little tending his garden, but he likes to spend also some of his time contemplating life and death and having his flower-perfumed tea for long hours.

Another form of the restlessness of Americans is their mobility. The trailer and the motel are special characteristics of the scenery of the United States. Students move from one college to another. Even my professors suggest that I go to another institution for the next year. Washington State, they say, is only a corner. America gives the impression that it is still in evolution. An Asian often is born, lives and dies in the same place in his country. He is reluctant to leave his ancestral land or his bamboo-surrounded village, even for better conditions of living. He is sorry for any change, even for the most strongly desired ones. Asia seems to be crushed by fate, and is bound by traditions.

The sociability of Americans is another feature of their character, showing their force and vigor. They like to see things grow, and to set up or belong to big organizations, whereas an Asian can live all his life without participating in any club or association. Americans, it seems to me, want to be united with something bigger than themselves so that they may grow in or with it.

Universality and mysticism seem also to be in the American character. When they are not satisfied with society Americans become lonely. But even then they do not stand still, for oftentimes the lonely turn out to be the mystics, living in union with the universe. The United States, as presented in many of its literary works of the twentieth century, seems to be inhabited largely by people unhappy and lonely in a business civilization.

Americans are unable to stand still, even to face the idea that they should stand still. As a supposition arose some time ago that the close of the Frontier Period might put an end to America's great journey, President Hoover did well to point out to these restless people other kinds of frontiers "barely open," which he called "the frontiers of science and better understanding of human welfare." "There are people," he added, "who have never understood and never will understand what the word America means." America, indeed, also means a dynamic vision.

Of all mediums by which the American exerts his force, machinery is the most effective. That is why he loves machines. Moreover, the machine, holding such favor, has undoubtedly contributed a large part to America's democratic achievements. The fear that has prevailed in other countries about the growth of machinery—that it may turn out to be a master of man, or to dominate him as forces of nature dominate primitive people, or make him lose his human feelings—that kind of fear I believe is only a myth. Americans have always been living free, splendid. So while people in foreign countries worry about the menace of machinery, America continues to grow, taking happy advantage of machines. It grows naturally, inland and overseas; without much notice it is growing. It is a colossus with a childlike, rosy face—yet it carries the war and peace of the world in its jeans' pockets. It is also a tree, having already the fruits of civilization, but still blooming.

Hunting a Home in the U. S. A.

by AFIFA AL-ATHERI

From Iraq; child psychology major, University of California, Berkeley. Foreign students coming to our large urban institutions where dormitories are not always available find housing one of their major problems. It is sad that so many students every year still find that anticipation and realization vary so widely.

The first few days a stranger spends in a new country no matter how highly civilized it may be, seem to be rather dull and clumsy. Once he gets settled down a feeling of familiarity overwhelms his heart and he gets himself into a life which is rather mysterious and quite appealing.

My first week in this country, however, was characterized by mixed feelings. I left behind me a country which differs in almost all aspects of life from the one I intend to live in for a number of years.

The few days my husband and I spent in the hotel were busy and tiresome. One of us had to stay with our son so that the other would be able to register at the University, see the Foreign Student Adviser, or do some other business. When we got these things out of the way, we had time then to look for a suitable house and start our new life.

I was thinking at that time that getting a cozy little house, which was just as beautiful and neat as the ones I used to see in "American Homes" when I was in my country, would not be a hard job. This turned out to be my everlasting problem.

"Sorry, it has just been rented," was the answer of those with whom we got in touch by telephone.

“A child! Oh, no, no—sorry,” was the answer of those whom we went to meet personally.

Thank heaven that our child didn't understand a word of what was going on at that time. Otherwise, we should have had to look for a good child psychiatrist.

Finally, we had to rent a miserable, old and dirty apartment. And our lovely dream of that ideal American home vanished in the air.

My First Ride in an American Streetcar

by KARLIS OZOLINS

From Latvia; theological student, Augsburg College and Seminary. Handling money; boarding planes, trains and buses; transporting baggage, and ordering food—these present the first major hurdles to the new foreign student arrivals. This anecdote is typical of hundreds of incidents experienced by our visitors during their first weeks here.

A stranger must always pay attention to different customs in a foreign country. He must always be cautious that he doesn't make a fool of himself.

I have had about twenty years of streetcar-riding experience but failed, however, in my first ride in America. This happened my first week in Minneapolis. My wife wanted to do some shopping and I decided to see the downtown. We set out to ride by streetcar.

It was cold and windy; we tried to find the car stop but failed. We stood in many places; it was so cold that nobody was on the street of whom we could ask counsel, only some passing cars. Finally, we must have stood in the right place, because the streetcar stopped, and we got in.

We were so happy to be in warmth that we sat down on the first benches not far from the driver. After some time I was looking for my money, and with my eyes I tried to find the conductor (in Europe we have one who takes the fares, beside the driver), but there was no one in the car.

"Maybe he is sitting somewhere," I tried to convince myself, "he will come when he wants the fare." But nobody came.

The driver said something in a full voice. "He is crying out streets," I thought, but he did not stop shouting. What was it about?

"Somebody is doing something wrong," I thought and I looked over my shoulder to see the person who was at fault. My wife gave me a push. "I guess the driver will have the fare; he is gazing in the little looking glass at *you*." Oh yes! Now a pair of angry eyes were peering at me in the looking glass and I heard the voice like thunder, so loud that I could not understand a word, but I realized I had to pay him.

In the excitement I did not know where I had put my dimes and I gave to my "persecutor" a five dollar bill for change. New streams of words, which I could not understand, but I had the idea maybe the money was too big.

Then, with a gesture he gave me the change back. Lucky to have all things settled, and thinking that the driver had already taken the fare, I put the change in my pocket and sat down.

I cannot tell you the emotions of the streetcar audience because new currents of expressions kept me busy; I understood it was only the change he had given me, I had to pay. Confused, I put the money into the box where the driver's finger pointed, murmuring, "Excuse me, please, I thought you had already kept the fare."

"What? I am a fair guy. I always give the right change back," he said in the same thunderlike voice until I could interrupt him: "I am just one week in your country; this is my first ride in an American streetcar."

"Oh, I am sorry," was his answer in other registers of voice. "It is really fun to see you folks . . . newcomers from Europe. I was a soldier there . . . you have a crazy

order in your streetcars . . . I know . . . I had troubles too . . . but I had my uniform . . . I was a soldier . . .” and he chatted all the time until we got out. Now, two friendly smiling eyes followed us with a nice, “I’ll see you again, folks!”

Their Questions

by ESTHERINA SHEMS

Visitors from abroad are often surprised to find some Americans still very insular and ignorant of other cultures. Miss Shems engagingly presents some typical American reactions to students from little-known lands.

My motive for coming to the United States was to get an education. An education not only in the sense of the book-learning required for my training in pre-medical and medical work, but one gained through various experiences such as travel, meeting new people, visiting places of historical or cultural interest, and generally seeing the New World.

On arriving in this country, I gradually discovered that we of the Old World knew more about America than the other way around. The people in this country seem to be rather engrossed in themselves; their primary interest is in their own little universe. Other areas of their own country and the world come to their knowledge and attention in a "by the way" manner as an unusual item of news or a travelogue in the movie-theatre or over television.

You may well wonder how I came to have this impression. It started to be formed by such questions to me as, "Do you wear the same kinds of clothes as we do?" or "Have you any cars, movies, telephones or refrigerators?" or "Do you live in houses?" or "Do you use forks and knives when eating?" At first I thought that the persons were trying to be funny; they were not. Their questions were wholly serious. I must say that they surprised me very much, particularly since I expected the questioners, because of their educational

or social level, to know better. However, they in their turn were surprised when I told them that Israel is a modern country with many avenues of living similar to those in the United States.

Some people may disagree with my above statement because we do not have television in Israel, a car or more to each family, the latest push-button gadgets for the kitchen and a deep-freeze. These, though, are not the standards of measuring the modernness of a country. If they were, some areas of the United States, the most up-to-date country in the world, would not meet the standards. However, Israel is modern in that our outlook is broad. We are ready to learn new methods, we are receptive to new ideas, and are willing to take our stand and compete with other nations.

To many, Israel is the land of the Bible, and as such they find it hard to picture large cities with stone or stucco apartment houses three or four stories high, wide streets and highways, late-model cars, theatres, movies, cafes, beaches, big hotels, night-clubs and stores of various kinds. To them it has to be a country of sand, tents and peasants. Of course, there are places and people who have not advanced far from the first century, but they are in the minority.

On numerous occasions I have been invited to speak to church groups and civic organizations. When doing so, I have tried in my way as "Exhibit A" to give them a picture of my home-country and the people there. In spite of all I have said and my attempts to convince them of my country's modernness, I have felt that some of my audiences still expected me to arrive in flowing robes as shown in Bible pictures, followed by my camel carrying my folded tent on its back!

What Strikes Me Most about the U. S.

by MATHILDA VAN ZELE

U.S. citizen, formerly Roumanian; geology major, University of California, Los Angeles. About her recent American citizenship this student wrote, "I am very proud and indescribably happy to become a citizen of this great country. I shall try my best to be worthy." We discover here some of the reasons why her new citizenship will mean so much to her.

I have been in the United States since 1951, and I am very happy to be here. Many times people ask me if I would change America for any other country. My answer is definitely, "No!" Maybe you would like to know why.

When I first came to the United States, I didn't dare go out of the house without my identification card. My husband asked me one day, "Why do you take your identification card to go to the grocery store?" I told him that it would be very good to have it just in case the police stop me and ask for it. My husband started to laugh and told me not to bother with such a thing. "In America, my dear, you need an identification card just in case of an accident, so they can find out who you are!"

I was very surprised and at the beginning I just couldn't believe him. You see, in my native country, ever since I can remember, we never dared to go out of the house, even to the grocery store, without the police identification, because each time we expected to be stopped by the police and asked for our identification card.

Another thing that surprised me very much was

when I wanted to register a letter. As in my native country, I left the envelope open so that the clerk could censor it. I was told that such a thing never happens in America.

This is a country where people are treated like human beings and where people have so many freedoms. These are some of the reasons why I believe that America is the most wonderful country in the world.

How what I Came from Made Me Me

by KIMI MUSHIAKI

From Japan; language major, San Francisco State College. The status of woman in the United States—her freedom, equality with men, multitudinous roles, creative contributions to every phase of American life—cause comment by those of other nationalities. Here we glimpse the feminine mind and heart exposed to two diametrically opposed social patterns.

The sound of the bubbling water and the low, yet rather stern voice of a woman prevailed in the room, although there were seven Japanese girls sitting there making tea. The girls were learning the "tea ceremony," which was considered important for all girls to learn so that they could develop politeness, graciousness, calmness, and friendliness.

I was only five years old when my mother took me to a tea-ceremony teacher and asked her to make me "an obedient, good-mannered girl." I had to learn how to sit down, stand up, walk on the "tatami floor" (straw mattress floor), bow, say greetings, and above all, how to make ceremonious tea and serve it.

There was a particular way of doing everything. It was wrong to put a tea-cup even half an inch away from the spot on which it was supposed to be placed. I had to hold my hands exactly in the right positions. The tea should be drunk in three sips and a half. While I was learning these things, the teacher taught me that a girl should always be pleasant to others, should not express her own opinions, especially to men, should not be too aggressive, but always willing to be of service to others. The lessons usually lasted for three hours,

during which time I sat rigidly on my bent legs.

The principles of tea-ceremony were carried out at home in raising a girl. When my father went to work in the morning, my mother and I sat on the floor at the doorway, put our hands on the floor in the shape of a mountain, bowed low saying, "Itte irasshai mase," which meant "Please go and come home." My two brothers were the first in everything and they were treated as more important than I was although the family loved me dearly. I took this education for granted. I was even proud of myself being brought up as a girl submissive and pleasant to others.

It was after I came to the United States that I found for the first time how questionable my education was. With envy and wonder I watched American women who were independent, confident, could think their own thoughts, and did not hesitate to express themselves. I felt the old morality, in which I was brought up and to which I had clung, collapsing. I was helpless and miserable. I felt bitter rebellion rising within myself—rebellion against the traditional education I had received. I wanted to be treated as a human being and not as property.

In thinking and in outlook I will be a different person when I go back to Japan. And yet I will be afraid to show that change to the Japanese people, especially to men. I will be reticent to speak out the change, and yet no one will be able to take these new thoughts and ideas away from me. Today is a transition period for Japanese women. We want equality and independence like American women, but we want to find a way to achieve them without incurring the displeasure of our men.

The road ahead seems long and steep.

The American Family

by LOUISE SIMONNE

From France; home economics major, University of California, Los Angeles.

Miss Simonne's observations on the relationship of men and women in the United States may be set in sharp contrast to the Oriental reactions of the previous writer.

The American family could be the happiest in the world, but average homes in the United States are not as happy as they could be. The American home is very comfortable and has innumerable gadgets; the living standard is generally high and life is easier in America than anywhere else. Nevertheless it seems to me that the American family is not much happier than the European family which has living conditions completely different from the American ones.

Why is it so? The American woman seems chiefly responsible. The first thing which shocks the visitor from abroad, and more especially the visitor from Europe, is probably the American children. How ill-bred they seem to us! In Europe, parents are very often too severe with their children, but in America we meet the opposite defect. However, if children are kings in America, this is not the most important trouble. There is something much more dangerous, that is to consider women as queens.

The American husband is a model husband. He almost considers as a part of his work washing dishes and taking good care of the children, preparing the cocktails, carving meat, serving guests. What is the woman doing?

It is very easy for an American woman to go shopping with the convenience that the car and the supermarket represent; it is very easy to cook; it is very easy to keep a house clean. Our American woman, with so many conveniences, probably does not feel the necessity to stay home as a European does. I was amazed to see how easily American women are able to waste their time, chattering with some friends, going to teas for women which is peculiar only to America, going to parties, participating in club activities.

American women get married young because they don't seem to realize the responsibilities which they should assume and they don't seem to understand that a family is a "religion."

Everything would be all right if American women were a little more European and if European men were a little more American.

As I Look at the U. S. A.

by SIGURDUR A. MAGNÚSSON

From Iceland; student at the New School for Social Research. It is encouraging to find in this essay that some unfavorable preconceptions about the U.S. may be altered after a stay in our country.

A European coming to the U.S. for the first time is likely to have made himself some kind of an image of the country and its people before arriving here. All my acquaintance with Americans had been through stray students met in Europe, whom I usually took to be exceptions to the general character of their nation, and through the Americans stationed in Iceland. It has, to my mind, been one of the most unfortunate things in American foreign policy not to subject the people sent abroad as semi-official representatives to a more severe selection.

No wonder, then, that most of my views were radically changed when I came here and started moving among the American people. I came to see that this nation has many of the best characteristics of any nation: openheartedness, hospitality, and a genuine desire to learn about and understand others. This, of course, does not exclude a certain amount of superficiality in human relations and a lack of knowledge of many elementary things regarding foreign nations. The free-and-easy way of the Americans is, in my consideration, a positive and attractive element, as opposed to the stiffness of many Europeans, and not to be attributed to carelessness or stupidity as many of us would have it. True, the concern for money and success

is very conspicuous here, but then, who does not attach importance to these things in the last analysis? I am inclined to take it as hypocrisy when Europeans tell me they would never be able to adopt the "commercial" ways of life so predominant here. I am not saying, though, that this is very desirable but I find it quite natural in a country of such amazing prosperity and possibilities. Perhaps some Americans could learn from us Europeans not to mix means and ends and keep in mind that money is after all only a means to enjoyable living, the pursuit of which should not become a substitute for living.

The money-making instinct of the Americans is no doubt responsible for the tremendous rush that seems to be making a neurotic of every second American. (Here it should be stated that I am judging the U.S. by New York which is not permissible according to many of my American friends.) The concern with psychology and psychiatry strikes one as perfectly ridiculous and is definitely a symptom of some serious defect in life here. Religious sects are probably one side of this same problem, and it is entirely beyond my comprehension how so much religious quackery can thrive among a nation certainly not below the caliber of most European nations.

American sex has become a stockword since Kinsey and need not be enlarged on here. Let me just state my suspicion that American womanhood is not of a kind that would attract Europeans for the simple reason that we still go about with the old-fashioned idea of the different spheres of interest and influence for each sex, and still believe in the husband as the more suitable head of the family! These are, of course, generalities not to be taken too literally.

What was perhaps more unexpected to me than anything else when I came here was the high standard of American education. Here again, I have to judge from the one school I know which may not be quite typical of other such institutions. It has been a general attitude in Europe to look rather scornfully at American degrees unless they be in the technical field. From what I have seen there is little justification for this attitude. The multitude of scholarships available for good students and the variety of possibilities for good education here have, I think, no parallel in Europe.

I had formerly studied at four European universities, all first-rate, but I was always annoyed by the persistent age-old heresy of the necessary distance between professors and students, the necessity for respect for the tutors manifested by not intruding on their learned privacy. But coming to the New School for Social Research I suddenly jumped into a new world, where professors and students are almost on an even footing, where they enjoy a chummy talk between classes over a cup of coffee in the cafeteria, where there is a give-and-take in classes, fruitful discussions, where the tutor does not insist on his views and methods exclusively but where there is collaboration in attacking the problems and coming to a fuller understanding. Of course, we have to allow for a certain amount of futile chit-chat in such an approach but certainly it makes for variety and the possibility of looking at each problem from more angles than just the tutor's. This has, therefore, been a very valuable experience for me personally and has urged me to a more independent attitude toward my studies, replacing my old academic indifference by a more personal engagement.

In my own field, literature, I have also come to see

America in a new light. I was, of course, aware of the contribution of American writers to modern fiction, but what was new to me was the amount of excellent poetry produced here over the past fifty to sixty years. So far as I can see, it can be compared to that of any European nation although the last thing a European would think of in connection with the notoriously mechanized American society is poetic genius. Having had the good luck to meet some of these poets, my admiration has still been enhanced. In this connection I must say that I have been pleasantly surprised at the great interest in the arts in general, at least here in New York. /

These have been only random remarks and what they were intended to add up to is that the genuine and good in American culture has not been exported to any satisfactory degree and a foreigner coming here is struck by the dissimilarity of his initial image and the actual everyday life of the American people.

If somebody should, however, find too many critical notes in these remarks I would ask him to remember an old Icelandic proverb to the effect that "He is a friend who tells of shortcomings" and Nietzsche's profound statement, "Indeed, attacking is to me a proof of good-will and, in certain circumstances, of gratitude."

“This is History!”

by RAUL DE OBALDÍA

*From Panama; chemical engineering student,
East Los Angeles Junior College.*

Every foreign student has a repertoire of amusing personal anecdotes. This one centers around attitudes toward courtesy.

When I had finished making out all necessary papers at the College on registration day, I started home. I took the streetcar and was able to find a seat. A little while later the car was crowded with people, mostly men and teen-agers. As the car approached the center of town more and more people were pushing in.

Then I saw a young lady standing in the crowd. She was wearing levis, a man's jacket, and a colorful silk kerchief around her neck. I caught her attention and offered her my seat. She smiled at me gaily with a certain amusement in her light-brown eyes. She thanked me several times and after a while she seized my pulse and asked me, "Are you sick? I am really lucky today. This is the first time in my life that a man has stood up and offered me his place. This is history! I wonder what my girl-friends would think about it!"

I smiled back at her and a Spanish-speaking man told me what the young lady had said since at that time I was not able to speak a word of English but I realized that the young lady was really happy.

How to Overcome Shyness

by CARLOS EDUARDO SAFIE

From El Salvador; pre-engineering student, Adelphi College. Unless a foreign student has some facility with the English language, his first contact with Americans causes anxiety and frustration. This student permits us to share his poignant feelings.

“When will this be over?” I asked myself repeatedly after I arrived in the United States. I was going to school in Mississippi and I was having a difficult time since I knew no English. It was like being a stranger in the wrong place, not knowing what to do, where to go or what to say. I was really pathetic among my classmates. In class I never said a word, made a move that would attract attention, or looked around the classroom; I didn’t dare even to sneeze. When out of class I was afraid of everybody and feared that someone would talk to me. At the dining table I never enjoyed my meals because I always had in mind something that worried me: if it wasn’t that someone was watching me, it was something else. I was really confused and lost everywhere I went; for this reason I would rather stay locked up in my room either with the Spanish-English dictionary or with my mathematics book.

One day in class my English teacher asked me something. It was the first time she had ever said anything to me in class. I didn’t understand anything she said except my name, and my face turned red and everybody could see my embarrassment. She, seeming to understand my shyness, came to me and indicated

that I should read from the book. I didn't grasp the situation and thought at first to tell her that I couldn't read English but I said to myself, "I have to," and with a very definite will I started reading as well as I could. After the first couple of paragraphs she asked me to stop, which I did gladly.

I cannot find the proper words to express the great satisfaction that I experienced after reading for her. I felt as if I had accomplished something worthwhile; I felt as if from that day on I was a part of the class, not only somebody occupying a seat in the class. And the most wonderful thing of all was that no one had laughed at me.

From that day on my miserable life on the campus and my way of thinking changed completely. Self-confidence began to overtake me gradually as the days passed by. Yes, the guy who once wouldn't dare even to sneeze now goes everywhere, talking to friends and laughing with them, even playing ball with the team.

So, if you happen to be a foreigner like me, shy and afraid of everybody because you haven't yet learned English, don't get discouraged but fight your way through a lack of self-confidence as I did. Assume that you are like the others and what they can do you can do also!

The Second Impression of the U. S.

by SHIGEO TAJIMA

From Japan; agricultural education major, University of Minnesota. These observations mirror the opinions of many of our foreign students but it is rare that they give thoughtful consideration to the underlying reasons for our economy and our social structure.

I have been staying here for about four weeks. During this time I have had several very good experiences, for instance: making three trips to rural areas, being invited to American homes, and attending public and inter-campus meetings. From these experiences I have now a second impression of the United States. In brief, it is the fact that the living level in the United States is generally very high and that we can find no difference between the rich and the poor concerning fundamental living conditions . . . residence, food, clothing.

The people in the United States seem to have succeeded in raising their living level to the highest degree in the world and furthermore even the poor are still living on a high level. For example, if we take a walk on the streets of St. Paul or Minneapolis we see everywhere houses of about equal size which have at least three or four rooms on both the first and second stories. We cannot see many differences between one man's residence and another's. Each family also has at least one car, an electric range, a washing machine, plus other machines and convenient equipment. About both food and clothing one may well say that there is an equal similarity.

I think in most of the other countries of the world

we can see several classes from the viewpoint of living level. The rich live in large, splendid houses, take luxurious meals, wear high quality clothing. And on the other extreme the poor spend miserable lives. They have no houses to live in, they cannot get enough food to maintain their health, they cannot wear clothing to cover their whole bodies. In this case we can see distinctly the borderline lying between the rich and the poor. There are so many differences.

In the United States the meaning of the word *classes* seems quite different here from what it means in other countries. The "poor" in the United States does not mean "cannot eat," "cannot wear," "cannot have house," but means "cannot have most up-to-date car," "cannot wear mink coat," "cannot have his own villa to go to on his week-end."

This is the second impression of the United States, a mere impression! The most important problem now I think is to determine the reason for the high living level of the people in the United States. Does it come from abundant natural resources? Democracy? Diligence of the people? Military power? Capitalism? Free competition? Does it continue eternally? How shall I adapt the good examples from the United States to our country?

This is one of the most important assignments to meditate, to study, to solve while I am in America though I shall never be able to finish it completely.

Reflections about an American Apple Tree

by MILA SAMAL

From France, formerly of Czechoslovakia; pre-medical student, Western Michigan College of Education. This little parable, though recounted whimsically, may be one to ponder.

May I tell you something about the apple-tree which you can find, when you look carefully, in that sharp curve of the road which comes down from the Administration Building of Western Michigan College? Most of my American friends do not know that tree. You see, they all drive cars and on that curve they must watch the road and not my apple-tree. As far as I am concerned, I am a walking, European type of man and therefore have had plenty of time to find out that the tree exists and to observe it as much as I wished.

By the way, I said "my" apple-tree but in fact it belongs very probably to the owner of the garden in which it has its roots. So, instead of this name let me call it by the French name, "Pommier."

When I came to the United States, from Paris straight to Kalamazoo, Michigan, I felt terribly lost. All was so different. I was meeting scores of friendly people who kept constantly asking me how do I do. The cat on whose tail I stepped nearly excused herself instead of squalling angrily as a European cat would do and the girls smiled differently and had another type of rouge on their lips than I had been used to. Under such circumstances I met, or rather I saw Pommier. And I was happy about it. It was like meeting a countryman.

The first time I saw him it was in September and he

was covered with beautiful leaves among which were hidden the familiar reddish spheres. Then Pommier began to do the same thing as his European brothers do. He began to lose his green ornaments and now in December he is only a black skeleton.

At this time I feel uneasy about him. He is still loaded with beautiful red apples. In this period of the year his brothers of the old continent are also in this black inverted-broom stage of their cycle but they do not have to support such a burden as Pommier does. Their fruit has been taken away by their proprietors or by some teen-age youngsters who consider that the nation's air space belongs to everybody and therefore everything in that air space belongs to those who dare come and get it. In this rich America Pommier has to go on carrying his burden and as he grows more and more weary he loses his apples one by one.

Some of the apples fall down on the road in that dangerous curve where no driver can look at the scenery. When I pass by I have to overcome two contradictory drives, both of them typically European. One, which has been molded back in the hungry war times, is to pick up an apple. The other, and I daresay a more powerful drive, is to kick an apple as I used to do when I played the left wing on our soccer team.

At this place I interrupted my writing and went out to see Pommier because terrible suspicion came to my mind. And I was right. When I picked up some of his apples lying in the mud I noticed that all of them are about the same size. You know that Americans like standardization, don't you? Pommier is unmistakably American. He is not a Pommier but a standard American apple-tree.

The Mighty American Minute

by MARY JEAN LOE

Formerly of Peiping, China; student at College of St. Francis, Illinois. Any honest American will admit with a chuckle the truth of Miss Loe's observations.

AN old Chinese saying, "An inch of gold, an inch of time; the inch of gold can't buy the inch of time," seems to me to apply to the vast majority of Americans because they cram into "an inch of time" thousands of activities. This makes great speed necessary. Therefore they move fast, they eat fast, they talk fast.

This haste starts the very first minute they wake up. The alarm buzzes, up they dart, wash hastily, jerk on their clothes, grab a piece of toast, choke down a sip of coffee and off they fly to catch a bus or train, subway or "L." Arriving at the station two minutes before the train comes, they dash over to a newscounter, throw down a dime and snatch a daily newspaper. They choose an over-crowded car although other cars may be practically empty. They will have to stand while they glance swiftly over the headlines of the news and are jolted from one side to the other. They figure on what spot to stand to catch this crowded car which will let them off right at the stairway. They won't waste a minute. The stairs are even flattened so that they can take three steps at once.

If they drive they listen to the radio, watch posters and talk with their friends. They stop when the police whistles but they start when the yellow-light turns. Before the green lights appear their cars are already halfway beyond the white lines. Automobiles can fly on

the road. (The Super-highway between Washington, D.C. and New York was built for that purpose, and so were many others.)

Three minutes are allowed for late comers. Out of breath they rush into the office two and one-half minutes before the assigned hour. One minute before the lunch bell rings, their coats are on their shoulders, their hats on their heads, and their lunch boxes in their hands. Lunch is over in ten minutes at the most. Fifty minutes are now spent in playing cards, buying a package of cigarettes, in going across the street to cash a check or in doing some shopping. They are saving minutes, of course.

Americans have long hands, but they write shorthand. If they write long-hand they try to save time, and their words are abbreviated or the letters of the words are so flattened that to a Chinese their writing appears like ocean waves on a piece of paper. Typewriting is not fast enough even with an electric typewriter. Their Christmas and Easter cards, birthday and thank-you cards, sympathy and congratulation cards, wedding, birth, and graduation announcements are all manufactured. All you have to do is to sign your name. Sometimes even the writing of a name is too much of a waste of time: your name is already printed on the cards together with your address on the envelopes.

"Hello" is too long a word to say when Americans meet somebody. "Hi" is sufficient for them. "Yes" and "No" also seem too long, so a nasal grunt is "Yes" and a guttural grunt is "No." Because of Americans' tendency to talk fast, sometimes it is difficult for a foreigner to understand just what they want to say. They clip so many words . . . their champ is cheered, Phys. Ed. exhausts them, the old Chem. Lab. Prof. demands too

much, Lit. requires reading so many authors, they ride a bike, an "L" or a "sub" to school. Without any disrespect they love "Ike," the "clipped" President of their country.

As a rule the Roman Catholic Church has always been criticized as "slow." But this surely can't apply to American Catholic Churches. An American priest can say a high Mass within the time an ordinary Chinese priest would say only a low Mass. The altar boy removes everything before the priest finishes his Last Gospel in order to start Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament earlier. When leaving the Sanctuary he actually bumps into the altar boy who is hurrying along with the candles or flowers.

Is the crammed American minute worth the nervous tension it produces in its people? Will it ever give them time for any depth of thought? I wonder!

Slow Poke

by TATSUKO MARGARET KUBOTA

From Japan; home economics major, Immaculate Heart College, Los Angeles.

After the comments in the previous article, it is amusing to discover this visitor's first impressions of Americans.

"I can't stand it any longer! Hurry up, you slow poke!" How many times had I heard Americans saying this to Japanese when I was in Japan.

After fourteen days of a terrible trip to America, nothing but green water every day, we were so excited about our first steps in the United States. Everybody wanted to get off the boat to meet his family or friends as soon as possible.

The boat weighed anchor at San Francisco harbor about seven o'clock in the morning. And at the same time many officers from the Immigration Office came aboard and started to check our passports and papers, which had already been done right after we had left Honolulu. They asked, one by one, why, how, to where, which—everything they could find on the paper. That took almost half the day.

Finally we left the boat to go to the customs for our baggage check. And here again were more officials, smiling, winking and joking! But who cared? We wanted to *go!*

After nine hours of standing in line and waiting, I was so exhausted when I shook hands with my American sponsor I said, "What *slow pokes* Americans are!"

I Envy New Yorkers, But...

by HIM LEE

From China; liberal arts student, University of California, Berkeley. If New York has not been a foreign student's port of entry, he wishes before going home to pay a visit to the famed city. After brief residence there, this student's reactions remain suspended on positive and negative poles.

Recently I came across a magazine article discussing the advantages and disadvantages of being a New Yorker. Having once been a resident in that metropolis for a short six months, I've looked at it in this way.

Millions of Americans have the delusion that New York is a city combining all of the glittering glamour of the world. It is true that there beauty, wit, wealth and luxury are crammed into one exciting package. But, actually, for its majority of not-very-well-to-do inhabitants New York is a noisy, exhausting and expensive place.

I envy New Yorkers because they can enjoy superb entertainment and cultural facilities. Many of the world's great artists come and play in the metropolis' fine theatres and concert halls, and treasures of art both ancient and modern are being preserved and exhibited in its many well-stocked museums.

Almost anywhere else in the country you have fresh air, sunshine and perhaps a little yard around your house. But in New York, most of the houses they call homes are rows of tenement buildings packed closely together. From these homes people must travel to work by means of the fast but crowded subway trains or by the slower surface system. For those who cannot afford

a car, looking for a parking space adds headaches to their driving through congested traffic.

New York is an overwhelming phenomenon that will never grow up and never quiet down. Yet I have a strong yearning to go back there some day!

Just a Few Words

by URSULA ALF

From Germany; liberal arts student, University of California, Berkeley. With all our international politics and diplomacy, what could this little incident teach us?

It was so hot outside that you could fry eggs on the stone steps of the huge American library. But the moment I stepped inside, the cool darkness took me in its arms. I felt fresh again and relaxed enough to stroll through the rooms.

I took books from the shelves, had a glimpse of some magazines. Once I smiled. It was about air-conditioning in one of the papers, a simple little advertisement. How I would have been excited about it fifteen minutes ago in the hot streetcar, and now . . . well, it was just a nicely done advertisement. Light, amusing little thoughts with a smell like philosophy played through my head. But in the next moment there was something new which occupied my interest. There in the corner was a beautiful old table globus! I kneeled before it and suddenly I was again a little girl at home in the country house in the big tower which was used as a library. How often I had kneeled like that, following with my fingers all the ways I would travel when I would be grown up. With shy fingers full of love, as though it were a living thing, I moved the globe back and forth.

Suddenly I heard quick steps coming in my direction. I jumped up. Surely I was not allowed to touch it. Now an unpleasant scene probably would follow, or the guide would be nice and polite but strict. "I am sorry but . . ."

Meanwhile the girl had reached me and a warm voice said, "I thought it would be rather dark for you to read the words on the globe and I wondered if you would like me to put on the little light inside."

I don't know why this little episode struck me so deeply. Was it that I felt that "having respect for another person" and "equal rights" are not only words? Had I lived so long in a world where "forbidden" was such an important word?

It might seem rather funny to others but it made me happy; made me forget for a while that there are sometimes things like loneliness in life. Just a few little words of an unknown person . . .

Meet the American Family at Dinner

by DEMETRI PAPADOPOULOS

From Greece; dairy industry student, Iowa State College. From country to country, customs of entertaining are often a source of mirth. This candid-camera description of what Mr. Papadopoulos has seen in the U.S. does not tally exactly with our etiquette books.

The first question that any foreigner is likely to hear when introduced to a group of sociable Americans is, "Well, how do you like it here?" You may have just arrived in this country and may not even know how to order lunch, nevertheless you must know how to answer this unavoidable question. If you are witty enough and can give a satisfactory or rather I should say an unusual answer, your American friend will probably come with his second question that should undoubtedly flatter you, "What did you say your name is?"

Personally I like to have people ask my name for a second time because that gives me and them an opportunity to start a discussion on the delicate technicalities of the Greek alphabet, and everybody knows how American intellectuals or non-intellectuals are proud of exhibiting their knowledge of such high-brow stuff by referring to the existence of the well-known Greek societies at college.

"What are your initials in Greek?"

"Delta Kappa Pi," I say, feeling somehow guilty of something.

"Well, what do you know! I belonged to a society Kappa Pi (or something) when I was at college," your American friend explains enthusiastically. You are under the impression that you are about to make a very

intimate friend in this country. You see, he cannot remember your foreign name and to use the formal expression "Sir" at an informal gathering is too much so he calls you "Jim" or "John" or by the first three letters of your foreign name.

After the preliminary, and I can say standardized, exchange of formal expressions during an introduction, your American acquaintance may try politely to lead you to some kind of conversation from which he can get an idea of your opinion about everything you have seen. Now again, if you are smart you will not say right away, "Oh, I like it very much here. This is a beautiful country, wonderful people, beautiful women . . ." If you start answering like that you will be politely interrupted by your new friend with something like this, "Oh, Bill, have you met Jim? He has just arrived in this country from" You turn around to face Bill and say your name and you see a very respectable gentleman. The standardized procedure starts all over again but the other fellow has already disappeared.

It seems that most Americans in one way or the other have met so many foreigners in the last few years and have heard and read repeatedly so many compliments about their country and their "American way of life" (a phrase commonly used for advertising purposes) that they begin to lose interest in the opinion of others, unless of course it is "different" (a word very commonly used to attract prospective buyers).

When an American meets a foreigner (this is not a rule, by the way) who either refrains from making open complimentary statements or tries to make a little criticism or comparison about this or that, he may hear a phrase which I imagine is very familiar to most of

the foreign students in this country, "Say, Jim (short-cut for Demetrios), how about having dinner with us some time this week?" Now this is where your smartness is really tested. It is your problem to find out whether or not he means it. You should be able to guess when he expects you to apologize politely and refuse or when he actually means it and expects you to say you'll be delighted.

To be invited for dinner is a question of luck and coincidence, but to be invited for dinner by the same family for a second time is a question of your diplomacy as a good mixer. You may congratulate yourself on your success if you find out that your hosts are exchanging ideas with you even if you know that your English is so terrible that it is impossible for them to understand half of what you say.

One of the most embarrassing and difficult situations that a foreigner will find himself in is when, as he first enters the house and settles down, this question is put to him, "Say, Jim, what would you like to drink?" This is a catch. If you are not prepared for it you will lose 90% of the good reputation that you may have gained up to that moment. If the family is "wet" (there is no way of finding that out unless the host proudly announces that he is going to have a Tom Collins), you do not risk much if you say, "Just a Coca Cola will do, thank you." All you may lose is a second invitation to dinner. But if the family is "dry" and you say, "Just a beer will do, thank you," then you have spoiled everything. You embarrass the people because there is no beer in the house and besides you may be considered "just one of those characters."

As far as table manners and general etiquette at the table are concerned, they are extremely important and

may be considered as another obscure and complicated problem that makes a foreigner's first contact with the American family so full of pleasant and unpleasant incidents.

Usually your hostess has very few opportunities to display her ability as an excellent table decorator during the mechanized weekdays so when there is a guest for dinner, and especially when that guest happens to come from abroad, then it is "final exams" for any ambitious housewife. She feels self-conscious all the time, you are embarrassed, nobody feels hungry but everybody seems to enjoy the meal.

Here are a few points I would suggest all foreigners keep in mind when they are having dinner with an average American family.

1. Ask your hostess if you may help her set the table.
2. You may take off your coat and tie (not your shoes).
3. Your host expects you to sit first at the table, so don't wait for the hostess because she may be in the kitchen getting things ready.
4. Look out for plates and bowls that may be coming from the left or the right.
5. Pass over any plates coming to you from any direction.
6. Say "Thank you" before your neighbor has time to say so.
7. Don't put too much of each kind of food on your plate because you will find in no time that you have a heap of everything in front of you that will be impossible for you to finish. Besides your hosts may think that you have not eaten for at least a week.

8. Start eating when you hear the hostess say, "Well, we are all set now . . ."
9. Use as many paper napkins as you can. (You cannot imagine how much the economy of this country depends on the waste of paper.)
10. Talk while eating but do not try to look others in the eye because everyone stops eating and dinner never will finish, especially if it is Sunday.
11. If you want to save yourself the trouble of talking most of the time, ask the hostess how she cooks the chicken, fish or apple pie. This will keep everyone else quiet until the end of the meal.
12. Don't smoke unless your host suggests it.
13. You are expected to make some indirect compliment to the hostess for her cooking even though you are feeling sick from overeating or not eating at all. Your future depends on that.

However, all the above instances vary so greatly in each case according to situations and to hosts, that I have finally decided that the best thing to do is to behave like a foreigner. After all, this is what you are in the eyes of your hosts and that is why you have been invited . . . to be watched at acting different, European or Asiatic type.

When dinner is over you will be kindly invited to make yourself comfortable in the living room. Be careful to accept the armchair the host indicates to you, otherwise you may make the terrible mistake of sitting in his favorite chair, or by not accepting his offer you may deprive him of a good chance to show his hospitality by offering his favorite chair.

Now is the time for you to start talking about your-

self or preferably about your country, especially if your country happens to occupy a very small spot on the world globe. Most Americans have an unusual interest in foreign countries. Very often you will hear remarks such as this, "You know, Jim, I think you must be very lucky to have the opportunity to travel from your country and see different places and people. Last summer my husband and I were planning to take the trip to Europe but somehow we didn't make it. Next summer we hope we shall be more lucky." If you hear such a remark, don't hesitate. Go ahead and tell them what they expect you to say, "Oh, that would be fine! If you ever come to Europe I would be pleased to meet you and show you around." Next step is to give your address in Europe, but before you have time to look for paper and pencil the hostess will come with the "Guest Book" where you will be kindly asked to write your full name and home address and everybody will be comfortable and busy for at least ten minutes.

There is no rule advising a foreigner when to leave after dinner but the hosts will make you understand when they expect you to excuse yourself. If you are just wondering whether or not it is time to begin thanking left and right and saying, "Good-bye," "See you again," and "Thank-you-very-much-you-are-welcome," try to catch some remarks as these "Say, Jim, how would you like to see our slides we took on our trip to California two years ago?" or "Would you like to have a look at the basement where we have the laundry machine, the air-conditioning system and my husband's pastime workshop?" or "Have you read the Sunday issue of the Daily News? Here is a copy. Care for the comics?"

If you can go through all the above and still not realize that it is about time you departed, you may hear

something like this which happened to a very shy Chinese foreign student who happened to have dinner with an American family, "We are sorry to leave now, Ho, we are going to the movies. You may stay here as long as you wish. There is the radio; newspaper, and books are right here; and there is the bathroom. We will be back in about two hours. Goodbye, see you later . . ." After this, your dinner with your American friends may be considered finished and likewise your hope for a second invitation.

Since social cosmopolitan events do not happen to an American family every day, and since this is considered rather a rare occasion of the year, they will want to remember it. Therefore, a nice thanking letter from you will be an excellent reminder to the family. This, however, may result in an endless exchange of correspondence because if there is one thing an American hostess cannot be beaten at, it is her everlasting answering back to all kinds of letters.

The above story, however, does not end here. There are endless funny situations, almost as many as foreign students, that offer opportunities for interesting comments and criticisms by an observing by-stander. Nevertheless, all can end in one observation: when people meet they are led to friendliness and mutual understanding by comparing their funny experiences . . . and if there is one thing the world needs today, it is mutual understanding.

English with a Foreign Twist

by INNA BOYER MAGAZIN

From France; language major, University of California, Los Angeles. In mastering a language, it is not easy to break through the sound barrier.

Anyone who has come in contact with a person newly arrived from another country knows how badly a foreigner can butcher the English language.

Learning a new tongue is a slow and painful process. Simple things are sometimes the hardest to learn. Learning to say "Ouch" when one is used to saying "Aie" is much more difficult than one would ever guess. Ordinary words and phrases when used with a foreign twist can cause hilarious moments. Now, looking back upon the incidents I once considered embarrassing brings tears of laughter to my eyes. I shall never forget the burst of laughter that followed my telling a neighbor that we had had a "roast kitchen for dinner." After all, how much difference is there between the sound of kitchen and chicken? One day I proudly announced to my best friend that I was going "horse rides back." It took me months to live down that one. Every time I met my friend she would greet me with, "Are you going horse rides back today?"

There were many more such episodes and most of them have long been forgotten. However, one word really gave me a lot of trouble and also taught me a good lesson, the word "maybe." Let me tell you about it.

As soon as possible after I arrived in the U.S.A. I enrolled in school. There, since Americans love nicknames, I soon became known as "Frenchy." One day

as I was walking up some stairs, I heard a voice call out, "Yes, no, maybe, Frenchy?" Well, I knew what the words "yes" and "no" meant and I had gotten used to being called "Frenchy" but "maybe" was something new. I was trying to figure out the new word when I heard the voice of a teacher angrily scolding the boy. I could not understand a word of what the teacher was saying, but from the tone of his voice I could tell that he was displeased. Why, I did not know. Analyzing the situation, I came to the conclusion that 'maybe' must be a bad word. No use looking it up in the dictionary; dictionaries do not list bad words. I did not dare to ask anyone. Every time I heard the word mentioned, I would give the person using it a dirty look, just to show that I understood. It was a couple of years before I found out that "maybe" meant "perhaps."

The lesson I learned was simple: the most troublesome word in any language is the one you don't know.

As I Look Back

by XAVIER MARCH

From Ecuador; pre-engineering student at Dartmouth College. "Culture shock" is the term used by sociologists to describe the reaction to the unfamiliar and strange in a foreign country. With a light touch, this student reveals the first painful impact of a new environment, and how it is turned eventually to good account.

One of the happiest moments of my life was when I found out that Dartmouth College had awarded me a scholarship. I got to Dartmouth about two weeks before the beginning of the college year in order to improve my basic knowledge of English.

My first meeting with the "noise"—that is, with American students—was on the Freshmen Trip organized by the Outing Club. I found American students to be very cheerful and good friends. They differ, of course, in temperament from Latin-American youths. The average Latin-American is a hot-blooded guy, more interested in girls and politics than in campus humor and fraternity activities. To anyone from a Latin-American school or college the average American student seems to be a mere play-boy with a seemingly mature body but a childish mind. It is well to remember, however, that it is almost a social risk here to appear serious about anything but athletics.

The impression I have of my early days in the United States is one of bewildering confusion: going from one place to another without knowing where I was bound, hearing people tell me something without being able to understand them, trying to think and to talk in a language in which I could neither think nor

talk. So I had simply to stop thinking and talking. I heard people laugh at jokes without being able to laugh myself. At every turn I expected something new and baffling to happen.

Now as I look back on it, I consider it quite an amusing experience although I should not like to undergo it again. And in many ways it has been a very profitable one. Besides learning more English and the habits of this often baffling nation, I have come to know at least a couple of facts that too few citizens of other countries understand: first, in spite of the common belief in other lands that all Americans are wealthy, I have discovered that many of them are not; second, I have found that the greatness of the United States is due not only to the tremendous influence that stability in its government has had on its prosperity, but also to the devoted patriotism and untiring industry and activity of its sons.

From My Personal Notes

by DIANA FUNES

From Chile; English major, Western College for Women. There's a twinkle in the myopic eye of this Chilean as she observes American girls and a college dance.

I'll never forget my first dance in the States. As soon as I arrived at the dance I came to the conclusion that I had wasted a lot of time making up my face and it wasn't necessary at all, for who would be able to see my face in that semi-darkness? Naturally, my date and I arrived late at the dance and the party had already started. The band was playing a song that I think must have been a lullaby because most of the girls were sleeping on their partners' shoulders. But at this point the conductor of the orchestra thought perhaps that if everybody fell asleep the party would be over and they wouldn't pay his fee, so he started to play a very lively tune. Everybody woke up startled. But most of the dancers couldn't get over the surprise of having been awakened so suddenly because they were jerking throughout the whole tune.

When this dance was over everybody started joining a long line, almost as long as the line the boys at home make for seeing Marilyn Monroe in the movies. Somebody said we were going to do the Bunny Hop. I tried to remember how bunnies hop and was giving up in despair when everybody started hopping, not exactly like a bunny but it was lots of fun. When I was very happy doing the Bunny Hop, suddenly I heard a voice coming from the darkness, "Hi, Diana." I looked in the direction of the voice and decided that it was not in-

tended for me. Surely I didn't know the beautiful young lady who emerged from the semi-darkness and came smiling toward me. But on getting closer to the light she turned out to be the girl who lives next door to me in the dorm. How on earth did she expect me to recognize her if I see her every day only in jeans and with the maddest cap I've ever seen covering her prospective curls?

Before coming to the U.S. I had tried to reconcile myself to the idea that most likely I wouldn't have many chances of meeting American boys since I knew I was coming to a college for girls. So, imagine my surprise when, on my first day on campus, I spotted coming in my direction a masculine figure. I prepared my best picture smile and fixed my new Italian hairdo . . . when, O cruel disappointment, a few steps from me (I'm very near-sighted) stood, smiling in a friendly way, Barbara, that nice girl who helped me to unpack my things when I arrived. Well, I said to myself, experience teaches, and I continued my walk across the beautiful campus. Suddenly my eyes, traveling from tree to tree, caught sight of, yes, another masculine figure. This time I couldn't be mistaken. Besides the masculine outfit, the figure walked with a very confident air of conqueror of the world. Again I prepared my best picture smile but my smile was promptly answered, not by an upstanding boy, but by Barbara, another Barbara (almost everybody here is called Barbara).

Now, I'm wiser. I know by now that if somebody wears slacks and shirt, has short hair, it doesn't necessarily have to be a boy. But I'm afraid at home they haven't gotten these notions yet for when I sent them very proudly my latest picture, they sent it back to me asking why I had sent a boy's picture and who "he" was.

Memories of Home as Recalled in the U.S.

by ANNA TRIANTAFYLLOU

From Greece; student in social work, Barnard College. Memories of home are usually emotion-packed for students who study abroad. This young Greek touches a chord in the hearts of all who have had nostalgia for their homelands.

If you have ever been abroad, away from your family and the persons you see every day, you can understand the feeling of a foreigner. I am from a small village, unknown to most, on a Greek island. Its life is typically Greek and full of mystery. I grew up there neither as a real country girl nor as a city girl.

We all know that we always want something different from what we have: we are never satisfied with whatever belongs to us. It was the village itself and its people that made me look for something else, something new and unknown. I wondered what other people could find interesting and nice in the village and why they came to spend a whole summer or, more often, the Easter vacation there. Now that I am in New York, the biggest city in the world, the city that everyone dreams of spending even just a second in, I have found the answer which I should have found before.

Now I have the big city but the memory of my little village is still strong. Leaving it, I tried to convince myself that I was happy, and probably I was. But I could never imagine that I would have such strong remembrances of it when I had so often wished to be away from it. It was Easter that brought these remembrances and made me recognize that I really love my village although it is not endowed with natural beauty. Now that I am far away I understand that it is a part of my

life, a part of me. And I also understand that people found Easter moving in my village. They found a celebration of Greek Easter in a Greek village simple in its way perhaps but high in spirit.

I will forever remember my first Easter in the United States and the church I went to on the night of the resurrection of Christ. I thought I could celebrate that night as always. How cheated I felt the moment the priest said, "Christ is resurrected"; how much I felt the difference and I cried my first tears since coming to this country. I tried to hide my face in the light of my candle. A woman in front of me looked surprised. It was unusual, I understand that. But at that time I was not aware of anything around me. I was in my own world full of sweet remembrances. In my eyes I had the picture of my little village and its church, and in my heart I had the hope and the wish to be present again at a Greek Easter in my village.

Education for Culture, not for Grades

by KIYOSHI J. HASEGAWA

From Japan; history major, Valparaiso University. In other countries higher education is a special privilege for a limited few. Most foreign students are shocked at the attitude of young Americans toward their studies. Regrettably it must be admitted that many student visitors lose their spirit of dedication after association with our students.

Since I have come to Valparaiso University I have met many good American students. However, I have noticed that most of the students are too concerned about their grades in their school work. Sometimes I feel that most of the students are studying only to receive good grades. I have frequently heard students in Grammar O class saying, "We don't have to study hard for this course, because we will not be able to receive any credits for this course." When I heard it for the first time it sounded very offensive to me. However, studying with the American students I also became concerned about my grades. I often neglected the assignments for Grammar O class, giving the excuse to myself that I have more important subjects to study.

When I was a student at St. Paul's University in Tokyo, I never worried about my grades and none of my Japanese friends paid any attention to their grades and credits. They even criticized a student who had shown much interest in his grades. Generally speaking, Japanese students firmly believe that the main purpose of their University is not to receive excellent grades or credit points but to develop their personalities with culture and wisdom.

It is my sincere desire to pursue my education with this attitude, and also to meet more American students who regard their education for the same purpose.

My Home in America

by DONGKYU BAK

From Korea; engineering student, Dartmouth College. We need to discover many more American homes like this where students from abroad may be bound to our countrymen through happy, family-like relationships.

Like any other student about to go home for a vacation, I was eager to get started. I was restless during the morning classes; they seemed endlessly long. As soon as the last class was over I grabbed my luggage and ran to the dormitory of the fellow who was going to give me a ride to New York. There I had to wait for a few minutes . . . a delay which was almost unbearable.

We left Hanover at twelve o'clock. My friend tried his best to get to New York as early as possible. I would say that the speed at which we traveled was little less than reckless driving and yet I felt as if we were crawling like a snail. I got out at the Bronx and after going through all sorts of trouble to find the right train, I took the subway to Manhattan. At 42nd Street I took a bus across the River. The confusion of changing from subway to bus made me feel as if I were never going to reach home.

The bus ride ended, and I walked into the familiar side door. There she was, waiting for me! I was so excited that I have only the vaguest memories of what happened. "Mama" kissed me. And she repeated her favorite expression, "I thought you would never come!" These words crept into my heart. "Pop" and Bill also greeted me heartily.

"Mama" told me that she had cooked my favorite

stuffed pepper with rice and that she had kept supper waiting. I sat at the table and heard again the familiar grace:

“Bless us, O Lord, and these thy gifts that
we are about to receive from thy bounty . . .”

I ate heartily with a peaceful mind.

As we watched television I told about the things which had happened at college and “Mama” told me about all that had gone on at home and among her relatives. I went up to my room and threw myself on the bed in the fragrance of clean sheets. I wish I knew some word besides “happy” to express my sensations.

Drunk with contentment I slowly recollected the past fourteen months: the loneliness I had felt when I landed in this strange land, my coming to this house, my meeting “Mama” whom I had never seen before. I also recalled with a deep sense of gratitude and affection how everyday life seemed strange to me, how awkwardly I had acted toward her who had an entirely different culture and customs, how she came to love me who had been a total stranger from another world only fourteen months ago.

A Personal Experience

by ELEANORA MEYER

From Germany; home economics student, University of Louisville. As long as the fear of war exists, this "flashback" will have contemporary significance.

Many things have happened to me since I came to America. I have had experiences that are strange and exciting. However, not yet have I had one that went so deep in my soul as an experience I had in 1944 in Germany.

It happened on a wonderful morning at the end of May, 1944. The sky was so blue, no cloud was to be seen. On such fine days, we didn't drive the ten miles to school, because we would be sure that we would spend the whole morning in the bomb shelter.

Air raid! We ran down to the cellar. We were lucky this time; there was no fight in the air. The bomber planes flew in the direction of Berlin.

After half an hour had passed we were able to go upstairs. Mother worked again in the kitchen, father resumed his business, and we children sat down doing some home work.

Shortly before twelve o'clock the sirens screamed again. This time it wouldn't be so dangerous as the airplanes were on their way home.

Noise filled the air. Father counted more than one hundred American bomber planes. All of a sudden we heard the noise of two German fighter planes, their machine guns shooting. One bomber exploded and burning pieces flew through the air. Only one soldier escaped. Then another plane had to descend. All crew

members escaped with their parachutes. Two were wounded.

But now the German fighter planes came down. One pilot escaped but was seriously wounded. He and the two American soldiers were brought to our hospital. The other American soldiers were brought as prisoners-of-war to a camp.

At that time my two girl friends were sixteen years old; my sister was fourteen, and I was fifteen. It was Sunday after the episode and we came home from a walk through the fields and woods. Each of us had a big bouquet of lilies of the valley. As we were passing the hospital, Gertrud said, "Let us bring the flowers to the wounded soldier."

The door of the hospital was opened by a nun. When we asked to see the pilot she granted permission, then added, "Girls, there are two more soldiers, who fought as bravely as our soldiers did; they are heroes too. Could you make two bouquets?" We didn't say anything; she looked at us and went away.

Nobody spoke a word, but the bunches of flowers were made.

The German pilot could not say anything. He could not move. Only his eyes were not bound up, and these eyes said more than words. Beside his bed sat a small woman, his mother. As soon as she heard of her son's being wounded she had come four hundred kilometers to see him. She was so happy that she could be with her child.

Then we entered the room of the two American soldiers. We did not speak a word, because they were our enemies. When we gave them the flowers, their faces brightened and there was a sparkle in their eyes. Then tears stole away from their eyes. We left hastily.

The nun smiled when she closed the door behind us.

Tuesday afternoon we met at our home. This time we were going to bring roses to our friends. This time we would say some friendly words to the Americans.

This time we found only a despairing mother, left alone with her grief by the side of her son who had died during the night. Her husband had died in Russia in the war of 1914-1918. Her apartment had been destroyed by bombs a month ago. Hers was a great sorrow.

My eyes saw an endless row of mothers and children. Some were well-known faces of our parish; they had lost two, three or four sons. Tears poured down my cheeks. I knelt down; my heart prayed for peace. I personally had to beg for something, to tell God that I knew what war means, that I would hate war, but love my enemies as Jesus taught.

The two Americans had been transferred to a Red Cross military hospital. The roses covered the coffin of the mother's dead son.

Friendship

by RICARDA HAMBURGER

From Chile; education major, Southwest Missouri State College. This is a striking example of how the links of world friendship may be forged in the educational setting.

For me there is no sweeter word than that of "Friendship." Friendship is a term common to all of us. We come in contact with it every day. Yet, its value and meaning in our lives is so great that I am choosing it as my theme.

The friendships I made in the States during my years of study are among the dearest memories I have. It was in the dormitory at Southwest Missouri State College where I met my first North American girl friends. How well I remember the day when they took me to the College Inn to eat. With what patience did they explain to me the food listed on the menu as everything was new to me! In my classes at college I soon met the student body and professors. The kindness and friendliness with which they received me is something I shall never forget. What I am most thankful for is that they recognized me as one of their own. From the first day I felt that I belonged to my college. I had that feeling of belonging which makes one secure and happy. My professors were not only my teachers but also very close friends.

Springfield soon became my second home. I did not have friends only at college but what was most wonderful was that the people of the town were my friends too. It was from Springfield's mothers that I received the love and care of a daughter. When I walked to the

square there was always a friendly "Hello" or "Won't you have dinner with us?" I think that I know more people in Springfield than in my own city of Santiago.

My friendships in the States were not limited to Springfield. I had friends all over Missouri and other states. It seemed that wherever I went I met friends. Then there were the valuable friendships with students of other nationalities. At college I met one of my very best girl friends, a lovely girl from Mexico City at whose home I spent a month on my trip home. There were boys from Germany, France, India, Bolivia, and Peru; girls from Denmark, Costa Rica and Ecuador. What a fountain of friendships do we have right here! And then there was my little Japanese friend, a beautiful girl, daughter of a well-known doctor in Tokyo. Before meeting my friend I didn't have much sympathy for the Japanese but Aiko showed me the heart of her people and today I love them dearly. How ignorant we are when we hate those we know not! If we were to have friends in every nation wouldn't many misunderstandings and, maybe, wars be avoided? Because, isn't man's greatest mistake to judge that which he knows not?

It is impossible for me to number all the friendships I have made in the three years I spent in the States, neither can I measure their value nor what they meant and mean to me. But I do know that thanks to these years I have had a chance to know the heart of the North American people and of the people of other lands. To my sponsors in the States, who made it possible for me to go to college, I owe the richness I have gained from my friendships, a richness so great that I hope many other students will have the chance I have had.

American Informality

by PAULO DELGADO

From Brazil; chemistry major, Wesleyan University. These impressions point up the fact that not everything foreign students learn is found between the covers of a book.

Those who come to American universities for one academic year are to find radical new social aspects which in the beginning seem to be quite shocking but turn out to be quite natural after a while. Of those social aspects I am very impressed by two: informality, and a very healthy independence among young people.

The fact that I couldn't locate the tiny city of Middletown on the map when, still at home, I received my terms of award is nothing when compared with the disappointments I had in discovering a new English language on Wesleyan campus upon my arrival.

After being received by Professor Gemeinhardt who, in a matter of minutes, explained to me what a Fraternity was, what rushing business meant for a freshman, where North College, South College, Harriman Hall and Clark Hall were located, and so on and so forth, somebody took me to Harriman Hall, showed me to my room, introduced me to my roommate, spoke about a certain business of Honor System, took a brief breath and finally said, "Well, buddy, I think you're all set. I hope you get on the ball all right. Take it easy now. See you around."

Between surprise and fear I thought, "Well, this must be a new dialect which this fellow is speaking." But this was not any dialect at all. It was simply a good

way of expressing American informality and more was to come later.

Once those first moments of surprise had elapsed I couldn't keep my curiosity any longer and inquired of my roommate, "Say, how many girls are there here?"

Very amazed and almost frightened he replied, "Eh! Boy, you got the wrong boat. This is a campus of very tough work. No girls around to bother us. This is a school for men only. But don't worry, if you 'cross over the bridge' girls will be available at various colleges around. You'll find this out as the time goes by."

By the time I thought that my first day of new experiences was over, he shot this very violent question at me, "At what time are we going to hit the sack?"

"Sorry, friend, we don't practice such a sport in Brazil," I replied.

Next day I met one of my professors-to-be. "Good morning, sir, how do you do?"

"Hi," he said. Between shock and surprise I tried to imitate his gesture in waving my hand at the same time bursting out a stammered "Hi."

I don't know why, but I had always imagined American girls as not using such an amount of slang expression which must stir Mr. Shakespeare's bones greatly. However, I had to change my mind when at the end of a pleasant dance the girl said, "Oh, kid, I really got a good kick out of dancing with you. You even didn't fake me out." Very politely I bent forward to apologize, "I'm awfully sorry, I didn't realize I had kicked you."

What would be your reaction if a girl offered you a cigarette? I solved the problem very easily. I accepted and next time was readily prepared to say, "No, thank

you, I smoke my own brand." Forced by these circumstances I had to take up the habit.

I must confess that I liked my stay in the United States very much better because I experienced that kind of informality by which one can appreciate more accurately American social life. I was very much impressed by the kind of independence encountered between boys and girls. It is an independence which means a great deal of mutual responsibility and respect. No chaperons, no watch-dogs, no fort-guards, nothing at all. Only they, the two "pigeons," who must recognize that freedom is a characteristic of well civilized minds.

After this year in the United States I will carry back home unforgettable memories. I have learned many, many things not only in my academic field but also in my non-academic activities. I won't ever forget how to "baby sit" since this will surely help me a great deal in my future plans!

Observations on Democracy in Action

by PRAKAI NETTAYOTIN

From Thailand; English major, University of Michigan. Though some may contend that this student, a graduate from Chulalongkorn University, Bangkok, looks at our democracy through "rose-colored glasses," we have a stubborn hope that this is a genuine picture of us at our best.

I had a good opportunity to study American history in detail when I attended the orientation course at the University of Kansas. It seemed to me like a miracle that America, as compared with other powerful nations, had reached in its very short history the highest peak of prosperity. This prosperity, progress and might was achieved in spite of all kinds of hardship and trouble.

I had known that one of the important factors that caused a vast migration from Europe to America was the spirit of freedom. The colonists wanted to exercise their full liberties. Though it was a very hard job for them to establish their own nation, they dedicated their lives to the cause of becoming free men. And now American democracy is bearing fruit; it is really practiced in what Americans do and what they think.

The first thing I would like to mention is the American home and family, because it is a good example of democratic living. Family life and the home should be the place where the real and basic democratic spirit is best reflected. There is an easy informality in American homes. Parents and children have mutual respect for each other's natural rights. They share responsibilities and decisions. The parents are the benefactors, guides and friends of their youngsters. The parents' control is

based upon the confidence and respect for the ability of the young people. The bond of affection and interest is strong and firm.

In schools and colleges, the boys and girls find the same fellowship which they have in their families. The boys and girls can enjoy school and college days because they feel that they are a part of the institution. They share their abilities and work together as co-educational groups. Because of this participation, a sense of the sharing of responsibilities is acquired. Easy informality also prevails in the classroom. Any student can exercise his full freedom by raising questions and expressing his ideas.

The informal relationship between teachers and students is something rather strange to me. Though I had heard about this at home, I must confess that I found it difficult to adjust to this situation during my first months in the United States. It is rather different from what we do in Thailand. Education in Thailand originated in the monastery. The early stage of schooling was quite narrow. Parents put their sons in the care of priests. The priests were regarded as teachers and also as the highly respected apostles of Buddha. At present, as our education is developing and becoming more progressive, the strict formality of earlier days between teachers and students is lessening. Nevertheless, the highly respectful attitude toward teachers has not passed away. However, we shall not enjoy the full swing of freedom unless our education reaches a democratic standard of the highest integrity.

I should like also to show how democracy affects work and public welfare in the United States. The local and national governments provide facilities and security for nearly all people. The rights of workers are

protected whatever their jobs may be. Medical aid is given to factory and office workers. Working people are well protected by labor laws. The conditions of work must be kept up to good standards. The amounts of wages and salaries are in proportion to business gains and the high standard of living.

As to religious institutions, it is very surprising for me to see a large variety of denominations of Christian and other churches in America. People can worship and choose their own religion without governmental interference. Most of the denominations get along together very well. Cooperation in some particular program is achieved willingly and wholeheartedly. I can appreciate this as being ideal democracy in practice. Democracy also finds its way into church activities. Churches are not established here as sacred and unapproachable places set apart for worshippers alone. Instead, they become active centers where everyday life is concerned. Pastors are not isolated from people but are at hand to help, to understand and to share all problems.

As a whole, the American people feel the close relationship between themselves and the nation. They deeply sense that it belongs to them and what they do must affect it too. So the valuable heritage which impresses me most of all is this sense of responsibility. How marvelous it is that though the United States of America is divided into forty-eight states, each one works not for the benefit of itself alone but takes responsibility for others. When it comes to individuals, nearly every American takes responsibility for his or her own duties. The work of each seems to benefit the whole community. On this vast land of hills, plains and deserts, I can see the cooperative striving together to make the American democratic dream come true.

The American Dating System

by RAHMAT AZIZ

From Pakistan; engineering student, University of California, Berkeley. American dating customs are the Number One item of comment by most foreign students. Reactions vary according to the social mores of their own countries and the types of homes from which they come. This student is refreshingly objective.

The dating system is one phase of college life which has confused me more than the skyscrapers of New York, the lights flickering on Times Square, and the cars on the streets and highways of America. Dating is the one phase of college life with which I have had the most conflict. In my country, Pakistan, the girl is not supposed to be seen and is never, never told how she looks, while in America one must compliment a girl on her beauty at the expense of being a fibber.

I personally like the American dating system, perhaps because I am a boy. I will never forget my first try for a date. I was introduced to a girl and she was kind enough to give me in writing her telephone number and full name. All I had to do was to call her up. I recited her name for several days and then suddenly got enough courage to call the young lady. I had my mind crammed with things I wanted to say. No sooner did I reach for the telephone than perspiration came to my brow, my hands started trembling, my legs started shaking, and the order of the things I was going to say in asking for a date began getting mixed up. In the meantime my call went through and there was someone at the other end of the line. Stammering, I asked if I could speak to Miss - - - and the voice said, "I will see

if she is in." There was silence and I had a chance to collect my ideas and prepare them to march through the telephone smoothly. But a voice startled me, "She is not at home. Can I take a message?"

I think the dating system in campus life is very important and it plays a significant part in providing adequate education to young people. I would very much like to see my country adopt some modified form of the dating system which could be accepted by the religion and the people.

Two Great Faiths on Trial

by ERIKA WEIBEL

From Switzerland; sociology major, University of Washington. Generally, students from other lands show evidence of keen appreciation of their religious heritages. The following analysis reflects maturity of insight and presents a timely challenge to the free world.

It probably is a justified generalization that the foreign student spends the first year finding out the *differences* between his own country and the host country.

The second year for me has meant looking for the *values we have in common*. America and Switzerland both have high standards of material living, both countries have been protected from two world wars and what is more important, both are democracies and still part of the free world. Probably just because of these facts we have in common a certain complacency which is inadequate to meet the needs of a world crisis.

Today we live in a century in which different ideologies compete for the minds of men. We live on a turning point of history where the two great faiths of mankind are on trial: man *with* God and man *without* God, a world ruled by God or materialism.

What is the answer of the free world to this crisis? What is the answer that more than 47,000 students in America and several thousand in Switzerland will take back to their countries? Is it materialism or a faith in an inspired Christian democracy?

I am convinced that it is not a matter of a change in the political or economic *system* which will save the world but *new people* who, in their everyday lives, live up to the moral and spiritual values they believe in. I

found this challenge in an American home where I realized how wide the gap was between my Christian ideals and my actual application of them in my daily living. And I have seen in some of my foreign student friends from the East how this higher quality of individual living has won their hearts and made them lose their prejudices against the West. They, too, have found the answer to their own lives and to the problems of the world in a return to the essential values of all true religions, represented in the moral standards of unselfishness, love and honesty, and the faith in an all-embracing Deity. This is a basis on which East and West can unite and which supersedes nationalism, racial antagonism and class war.

I long for our countries to export more and more this uniting and overarching idea and message, but first of all, it starts with me, my family and my own nation.

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is well known for her work in international education. As former admissions officer for foreign students at the University of Southern California, she compiled a volume entitled *Educational Systems of the World* (University of Southern California Press, 1952), a reference work in use in colleges and universities around the world. In 1956, for the Institute of International Education, under a grant from The Rockefeller Brothers Fund, she wrote *A Guide to the Admission and Placement of Foreign Students*. In the Fall of 1957 she was a guest of the Scandinavian Ministries of Education to discuss the international educational exchange program between the U.S. and Scandinavia. In the Spring of 1958 she was honored with a citation from Boston University for her "devotion to the art of creative communication as the key to a world at peace."

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